Beaver & Gephart

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL,

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F. O. HOSTERMAN.

THE EVENING CALL.

We live in the far West, in a little settlement called Siam Town.

My grandfather was named Ozias Steel, and as he was a deacon in the church, he generally received that title. I was called the deacon's little Becky. I was born in Maine, but when my parents died my grandfather crossed the continent, and brought me back with him. He carried me all the way in a flat basket, filled with cotton batting, which he held on his knees. He often told me how he walked into the hotels or taverns where he stopped with me for luggage, and how much interest I excited, I was only three months old, and I found a mother at every resting place. Since then he had been all to me, and as I remembered nothing else, I was perfectly happy. At sixteen, I had my schooling, and had settled down to be housekeeper, under the tuition of our one servant, Sally Wells.

It was a still night following a beautiful day. As I sat at my window I could hear all the insect voices hard at work—cricket, katydid and locust and the queer little toad. Away in the heart of the old woods a screech owl was hooting. Down in the town the bells were ringing for evening meeting, which they held on Wednesday.

Grandfather had gone to church. He had taken old Widow Glennings and her daughter with him, and the buggy would hold no more. So I stayed at home. Sally had gone to get some yeast cakes at the store, and I was alone. I didn't mind it. I had never known what it was to be afraid of solitude, though a crowd would have frightened me.

The room was our sitting room. It was early in October and the windows were open, but there was a little log fire on the hearth.

A lamp, with a green paper shade, decorated by a design representing three little kittens eating a pound cake stood on the table; near it my work basket. The chairs had rush bottoms, with the exception of two Boston rocking chairs, with chintz cushions; an engraving of the Battle of Bunker Hill, a portrait of Washington, and some family photographs hung on the wall, which was covered with a pale grey paper with a pink flower upon it. A clock and two vases stood on the mantle-piece, rag carpet was on the floor, and a secretary and book-case combined filled one recess. We had a best parlor, which was dusted every Saturday, but we never thought of using it.

I felt very lazy that evening, and though I had a very pretty sort of tape trimming, had no desire to take it up. I looked at the stars that twinkled and shone so brightly; at the splendid planet shining over the distant mountain peak. I hard a brook bubbling in the hollow, and I fancied after awhile, when the church bells had done ringing, that I heard some unusual sounds, men's voices calling to each other far away, and saw lights now and then in the fringe of woods that covered the hill. Belated drovers, perhaps, urging their cattle on to a safe stopping place, or wood cutters who intended to camp out to be ready for work in the morning. As I looked at the bright dots moving to and fro, I heard another sound near at hand—crunching of feet on the stony road, and looking toward the gate I saw a man open it and hurry in, and come up to the door. I was not surprised that he opened it without knocking, for people were not ceremonious there, but I felt a little startled when I saw that he was a stranger. He was out of breath as though he had been running. His face was damp with perspiration, his clothes, which were good otherwise, were torn, as though he had made his way through thorny bushes, and it was evident that he was listening intently. I, too, heard something—what, I hardly knew.

As soon as he could do so he spoke.

"Are you all alone in the house, young lady?" he said.

"Yes!" I answered.

"For God's sake tell me where I can hide!" he said. "The lynchers are after me."

I knew what he meant. I knew, too, that men were only lynched for fearful crimes; but I had a woman's heart. Whatever he had done, he asked my help.

Yet where could he hide? There were five rooms in the house; each had a small cupboard. There was no exit to the roof, no secret closets, no large furniture, and I heard them coming. Suddenly a thought struck me.

"Go into that room," I said. "Do not shut the door. Get into the bed you see there and tie the handkerchief on the bed-post over your head. Turn your face to the wall. It's your only chance."

He obeyed me. I sat down by the table, dragged my work toward me, and began to sew and sing. I heard many steps upon the road. The gate changed. I knew men came up the path and peeped in the window. Then the door opened. A rough face was thrust in. One man entered—another and another. I knew them all by sight.

"Excuse me, Miss Becky," said the leader; "but we are after a man, a stranger in these parts, who has done a murder. We saw him come this way. We rather reckon he'd got you to hide him by some lie. Have you seen him? Where's the deacon?"

"Try not to wake grandfather," I said. "He's not well. You can look under the bed if you choose. There's no other place to hide in that room, as you see."

One of the men went on tip toe into the room and looked under the bed, laughed softly and came out.

"You may go over the house if you like," said I, "and see if you can find the fugitive."

"He can't get away if he's anywhere about," said the man. "The house is surrounded."

They took some candles which I gave them and went through the house. They went to the stable, fortunately padlocked on the outside, so they did not see that it was empty. They beat the bushes and peeped into the chicken coop and went off together, furious at their disappointment and I was left alone with the man they had spoken of as that fearful thing a murderer. I shut the shutters and pulled down the blinds, and he came from his hiding place pale but calm, and stood looking at me a moment.

"You will hear the whole story to-morrow," he said. "Don't think me guilty. I should have been a black-hearted brute, indeed, if I had committed the crime they charge me with, but I am innocent. God bless you for your mercy—I can save myself now."

He opened the door and darted out into the night. A little later Sally came home. Later my grandfather, who heard a horrible story of a woman murdered in the settlement beyond.

I told neither of them anything. I kept the adventure to myself for a few days after the truth was discovered, and it was known that another woman and no man at all had committed the murder, and then I told grandfather.

A year after a package came to me by express. It was from California—a little box of gold nuggets and a letter.

The sender, it said, was the innocent man I had saved from Judge Lynch. He had become a miner, had prospered and was happily married, and begged me to accept the little present offered by one who would be ever grateful. There was no signature, but I was glad to hear again from one I had never forgotten and never shall.

How He Got Hurt.

"Oh, my child, how did your face become so bruised? Come to mamma and tell her all about it.

"I-I-I was over 'cross the r-o-a-d, playin' with Mrs. Howe's little g-i-r-l; boo-hoo-oo-oo-oo."

"And did she hurt you like this?"

"Y-y-y-y-e-s."

"Well, that was real naughty in her. What did she do to little Georgie?"

"Sh-sh-she knocked me d-o-w-n, an-an-and then she hit m-e w-wi-w-i-t-h a b-r-i-c-k and pounded me w-wi-with a b-r-o-o-m s-t-i-c-k."

"Oh, dear, what a terrible child. Well, don't cry any more, Georgie. What were you doing when this happened?"

"Pl-pl-playing w-we w-a-s m-a-r-r-i-e-d."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A red faced man rushed up to a quiet old gentleman and said:

'How do you do, Mr. Jones?'

'Excuse me, but you have the advantage of me.'

'Are you not Mr. Jones?'

'No sir, you are mistaken, my name is Smith.'

'Are you sure?'

'Of course I am. You are mistaken.'

'Are you quite certain, Mr Smith, that it is not you who are mistaken. May you not be Jones after all, Mr. Smith?'

He Should be Grateful.

Old Judge Peterby has been laid up for some time with the gout. His legs are swelled to an enormous size. A doctor, who is also a church member, rebuked his impatience, and told him:

'You should be grateful to the Almighty for his kindness.'

'What kindness?'

'His kindness in giving you only two legs to suffer with. Suppose you had as many legs as a centipede?'

A father and son are both under sentence of death in a Farmersville, La., jail.

THE MAIDEN'S TEAR.

BY H. S. KELLER IN TEXAS SIFTINGS.

Drip, drip, drip! The golden leaves lie in brown, tear patches upon the pasture land along the edge of the grim shadows woods. All day long the sky has hung heavy and sombre; and now that nightfall is here the scurrying clouds weep tears. And the trees, they bow and bend before the storm, and breaking, fall like stricken giants shivering from root to branchlet in the last expiring throes. And the dead leaves, heavy and wet, pile up in patches along the rude fence of gnarled, twisted and distorted stumps.

"Ah! What a nasty night. I must hurry home. Poor Satan will be scared to death. Satan knows his master's step; he understands me if all the rest of the world does not. Good Satan! Patience, my dear Satan. What's that!"

The mumbling of the hump-back man skirting the edge of the woods was brought to a sudden stop. His foot hit against something lying in his path. It was not a stone, but something soft and yielding.

"Oh! oh! please don't hurt me. I hain't doin' any harm," came from the dark, bundled-up object at the hump back's feet.

"Good heavens! It's a child. Say, you brat, get up and out of here quick. If the Squire catches you here he'll sue—it's a girl!" ejaculated the man starting back as a vivid flash of lightning revealed a slim slip of a girl.

The long, black hair, wet and limp hung about the sharp shoulder like sooky ropes. The mouth was drawn down at the corners in a sorry droop, and the eyes, great black eyes were sad, so sad, that even the old hump-backed miser felt a throb of pity pulsate through his flinty heart.

"Who are you, girl?"

"A brat, only a brat. They call me that up in the house where all the poor people live."

"Ah! A pauper brat."

"Yes, sir. Some calls me that. But—oh! I'm 'fraid, so 'fraid," wailed the poor little morsel of storm-tossed humanity hugging up close to the old miser. This was a new, or forgotton feature in human nature to the man. He had been in a habit of being feared and held aloof from by all. But this poor waif, this slim slip of a girl with sad eyes and limp locks almost hugs him for protection.

"Child, what are you afraid of? The darkness won't hurt you—though this damp ground isn't just the bed for a girl."

"Oh, no; I don't mind the dark. I'm so afraid sometimes of—of the growling, quarreling men and women they keep in the cellar up at the poor house. They're just like beasts. They glare at me with their red eyes, and shake their first, and beat against the bars 'till they're all blood. I'm 'fraid of 'em. I want to hide away from 'em. I could almost dig into the ground like a woodchuck does, only to hide away from 'em."

"Poor thing! She's afraid of the crazy ones. I—but will my darling Satan like it if I take her home with me—"

"Oh, sir, please take me 'way off—off somewhere where I can't see the people with red eyes who live in the cellar and eat like beasts." The thin arms almost encircled the short angular neck or the old miserly hump-back.

"Eh! yes; come—come with me," returned the miser. Grasping the little hand in his, he jogged on along the quaint stump fence until he reached an opening. Following a path leading into the heart of the woods, the pair finally halted before a dilapidated hut. The door was pushed open. Off at the other side of the room shone a pair of green, wicked eyes. A loud purring, then a spiteful spit, spit, and Satan bounded through the darkness and rubbed his inky coat against the old hump back's ankles.

"Ah, sweet Satan, good Satan! Glad to see me back, eh?"

The ashes upon the mud hearth were raked away, disclosing a small pile of glowing embers. The old man knelt down and piled, some pine cones upon the embers; then blowing with all his might, he soon had a blaze. Tossing a couple of pine knots upon the ignited mass, he chuckled as a huge flame went roaring up the chimney.

"Child, come here," he said, turning toward the girl, who was trying to stroke Satan's fur. But Satan was coy of all advances, and leaped beyond her reach each time.

"Are you hungry?" asked the miser.

"Yes, sir."

"Then eat. There's a crust of bread upon the table"

The waif gnawed the crust as she sat down on a block of wood near the fireplace. The flames roared up the chimney. The soft, sleepy purring of Satan kept on, and in a few minutes the black eyes were veiled by the blue veined lids as the little head leaned back against the wall.

"Asleep. Poor thing! A pauper brat. Afraid of the pauper lunatics. Satan seems to take to her. That is strange. He always spits and humps his back, makes a cat hump-back of himself, when strangers come. Folks don't like me. They say I'm a miser. I love Satan and my gold. Satan understands me, and I understand my gold. Am I growing soft hearted? Why did I bring this pauper brat here? How pretty she is. I've got enough gold to make a fine lady of her. Would she turn away from me I wonder after I'd made a fine lady of her? Ah! she wakes." The great black eyes of the girl opened. They were fastened upon the old miser in a strange look. The thin lips parted as she rose from her seat and came toward him. "I—I, please sir, may I kiss you just once?"

Her hands were stretched out to the old man appealingly. He had befriended her. The old man felt a stanger dart pass through his heart. What did she mean? Why did she want to kiss such a grizzly old hump back?

"I—well, yes, if you like," came from his lips falteringly.

He closed his eyes as the girl's thin arms wound about his neck. Then, as he felt the soft, warm pressure of her pure lips upon his a great wave of human affection came over him, and he hugged the pauper brat to his breast. When he opened his eyes again, the thin pathetic face was lifted up to him. Upon each lower eye-lash glittered a tear.

Each tear as it rolled down the pale cheek fell upon the flinty heart of the miser, and melted away the ice and hardness of it.

"Why weep, girl," he asked.

"Because you are the only one I ever kissed."

"And why kiss me?"

"Because you are so good to a pauper brat, that I love you."

The sweet-faced old man who, years afterward beamed so lovingly upon a fair young mother, felt in his heart, that the maiden's tear had brought the fullest returns that heart could desire.

NOT A BEGGAR.

How an Impecunious Fellow Raised the Wind in Detroit.

"Gentlemen," he began in a smooth, molasses sort of voice, "I am deadbroke but no beggar. I want to raise about three dollars, but I shall do it in a legitimate manner. Now, then, let me ask you to inspect this."

He took from his pocket a piece of iron chain as large as his thumb and containing six links and passed it around. After it had carefully been inspected by each of the party he continued:

"I want to bet my overcoat, which is certainly worth $10, against $3 in cash that none of you can separate one link from the others."

The piece of chain was passed around again to be more closely scrutinized, and finally one of the party, who was a machinist, returned it with the remark:

"And I want to put up that sum against your overcoat that you can't do it yourself."

"Done!" said the stranger as he pulled off his coat.

Coat and cash were put up in the hands of a stakeholder, and the stranger asked the group to follow him. He walked across the street and into a blacksmith shop, and picking up a hammer and cold-chisel he deliberately cut out a link. The crowd stood around like so many pumpkins at a county fair, but when the stranger held up the link and claimed the stakes the machinist recovered his wits sufficiently to exclaim:

"Sold by a professional deadbeat! The money is yours, old fellow, but in exactly thirty seconds after you receive it I shall begin to kick, and you had better be twenty rods off!"

"Thanks—glad to have met you—good day!" replied the stranger, and he was out of sight in seven seconds.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Western Farmer.

Portrait of the Big Farmer Who Raises Food Enough for Thousands of Throats.

The Buffalo *Express* says: He was a tall man, with rather sandy and long hair and an iron-gray chin whisker. He wore a black suit of steel-mixed and a yellowish-brown slouch hat. There was a red buttonhole boquet in his coat lapel. His stand-up collar was surrounded by a black tie. An ordinary every-day watch chain hung from the second buttonhole of his vest. As he walked up from the Western Union main office he joggled along carelessly, looking neither to the right nor the left, but engaged in sort of communication with himself. The man was Mr. Oliver Darlymple, the most extensive farmer in the United States. Mr. Darlymple, although he lives in St. Paul, Minn., confines his farming operations to Dakota, where in Cass and Trail counties he has a two-thirds interest in 75 000 acres of as fine wheat land as the sun ever shone upon. The product, as indicated by that so far threshed, will be about 600,000 bushels this year. Mr. Dalrymple employs in his farming operations 1,000 men, 800 horses and mules, 200 self-binding reapers and 30 steam threshers.

"I have lived in St. Paul thirty years,' said Mr. Dalrymple, "and seen it grow from 10,000 to 100,000.' When asked relative to his age he said: "You may tell them that I have not yet got to the gray-haired, broad-shouldered man of sin. My visit here is for the purpose of seeing if I can make favorable arrangements with Buffalo elevator men tor the storage of part of this year's crop."

An Excellent Spine.

In the Scriptures it is related that Daniel was preferred above princes because he had "an excellent spirit" in him. A boy being asked, in his Sunday-school class, why Daniel was thus preferred, replied: "Because he had an excellent spine in him." This boy's blunder on the word "spirit" is amusing, but yet his answer hit the nail square on the head. Daniel got on because he had "backbone" enough to stand up against corruption.

There was never a time in the history of the world when "spine" was needed more than to-day. Fraud seems to have crept into every line of business. Formerly it used to be said that "corporations had no souls." It was meant by this that when men united in associations, and worked under a President and directors, they would do things as a body which they would be ashamed to do as individuals. But to-day it looks as if the old proverb had lost its peculiar force. Men have let down the bars more and more in business, till it sometimes seems as if any trick were thought justifiable if it led to making a dollar. It is difficult now to buy anything that is not adulterated. Dealers do not hesitate to misrepresent—or lie outright. Speculators are not particular whose money they use, or how they get it. Men hardly dare trust their dearest friends. And all this sort of thing is tolerated, so long as it brings success.

Thus it is that the boys of to-day need a doubly stiff backbone to stand up against dishonesty. Respectable asage leads them into temptation at every step. Fraud is gilded by wealth and young eyes are dazzled. Almost above all else, what youth needs to cultivate is an "excellent spine."—*Golden Argosy.*

The Masher Mashed.

I was riding out one evening in a car in which were two lovely, laughing young ladies, when a young man entered and took his seat, says a St. Louis reporter. He seemed to be very much taken with one of the girls, and soon began to make delicate endeavors to get up a flirtation. His efforts became bolder, and I noticed a significant glance passed between the girls, followed by a whispering conference. Presently I noticed that the girl who had mangled his heart had her eyes calmly fixed on the young man's feet with a meditative smile on her lips.

He glanced down at his feet to see what was wrong several times, tried to draw them under him and moved them about, but the steady gaze of the young lady continued to be fixed on his pedal extremities. Restive would hardly describe the condition of the would-be masher. His face became the color of a boiled lobster, and finally, after twisting about uneasily, he hastily jumped up and left the car. As soon as he had left the girls were nearly convulsed with suppressed merriment. I happened to know one of them, and she explained the whole affair. She said she had often heard that men were very sensitive about their feet, and that a prolonged stare at these members would throw the boldest of them into embarrassment and final rout. She had tried it several times with unvarying success, and had hit upon it as the best way to get rid of a persistent masher.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11TH, 1884.

Published by R. A. BUMILLER.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 955, I. O. O. F. meet in their hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.
C. W. HARTMAN, Sec. E. W. MAUCK, N. G.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec. D. L. ZERBY, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings
H. J. KURZENKNABE, Sec. SAM. WEISER, Pres.

CHRISTMAS.

How swiftly the year has flown! The blessed and joyful season of Christmas is almost at hand again and already on every side preparations for its observance are going on. There is a lifetime of sweet emotion in this getting ready for the blissful event.

The kind and loving parents will lug their secret treasures for the children in at the back door and late in the evening so that they can overwhelm them with joy on Christmas eve. The prosy father will grow sentimental and feel some of the rosy emotions of the child; stern parents will relent and decide to do what they had huskily refused; practical men and women will feel the influence of the season and slighly surprise and earn the gratitude of those to whom they have not been accustomed to be over-kind.

And the surprises, oh, such surprises, as will be gone over and over again during the intervening time. What they will say when they present this or that to such and such a dear one, and what the recipient will do and say. All these will be gone over in imagination in the next few weeks, though the reality will be so different from the plan. The speech will fail when the hour comes and the heart will choke from the happiness which fills it. There is no time in the year which presents the mystery and mirth of this pleasant period.

The Christmas season is auspicious for doing kindly acts, which will delight the hearts of the little folks as well as older people. The pleasant custom of giving Christmas presents is now universally observed and many are carefully scanning the stock of Holiday goods, which is temptingly displayed in the stores.

Be the gift simple or expensive let it be forthcoming. Ye who have it in your power, celebrate with gifts our hallowed Christmas, and after having provided for a pleasant treat to your families, do not forget the poor, who may be shut out from the delights of the festive season. Do your Christian duty to them and show them that the Holiday joys are for all. CHRIST, the anniversary of whose birth we expect to celebrate, from to-day two weeks, was born for ALL, and we should look to it that the joy and happiness of the commemoration may come to all.

Appointments Made.

Secretary of the Treasury McCulloch's Appointment Favorably Acted Upon.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The senate in the executive session to-day confirmed the following nominations: Thomas O. Osborne, of Illinois, to be the minister, resident and counsel general of the United States to the Argentine republic; John Baker, of Illinois, to be minister, resident and consul general of the United States to Venezuela, Willard P. Tisdell, of Ohio, to be the agent of the United States to the states of the Congo association. To be secretaries of legations: Dwight T. Reed at Madria and Chapman Coleman at Berlin; Fredrick V. Crosby to be second secretary of the legation at Berlin; Otis P. G. Clark, of Rhode Island to be commissioner of pensions; Calvin B. Walker, of Indiana, to be first deputy commissioner of pensions; Noah P. Liveridge, of Michigan, to be second deputy commissioner of pensions.

Edwin A. Clifford, of Illinois, to be deputy auditor of the treasury for the post office department. Wirth G. Soss, of Pennsylvania, to be second lieutenant in the revenue marine sesvice of the United States.

The nomination of Hugh McCulloch to be secretary of the treasury was favorably reported from the senate committee on finance, but Senator Riddleberger objected to the present consideration, and under the rules of the senate it went over to the next executive chamber.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 8, 1884.

Although 135 members of the present Congress were relegated to private life in the late election, they came up smiling as usual last Monday, and really seemed pleased at the prospect of getting rid of the thankless work of a Congressman, who has never a moment's time that he may call his own. I might say, however, that there were a few exceptions to the number who sought to put themselves in a happy frame of mind, among whom were the two buffoons of the House, Horr, of Michigan, and Belford, of Colorado, whose antics on the floor have disgusted their constituents enough to completely secure a permanent backset. The humor that used to bring down the House when Prentiss and Randolph were members, was of a sort that never detracted from the dignity of the body, and it is to the credit of our American Parliament that we have had so few members who have possessed the affection of any kind of humor. The frequent sallies of wit that came from Mr. Cox, of New York, in the way of repartee, have won for him deserved recognition as a true humorist without derogating an iota from his ability as a statesman.

Well, we have twenty-four thousand soldiers in the United States Army, and the Secretary of War wants almost twenty-seven million dollars to support them for a single year! Is not this rather an expensive family for so small a one? Let us see. This would make the cost for the maintenance of each soldier for a year one thousand one hundred and twenty-five dollars, although we pay him but thirteen dollars per month and feed him on hard-tack and sow-belly. One of the first things that a Reform Democratic Congress should do, is already embraced in a bill to wipe out these sinecure military establishments, and stop the payment of seventeen thousand dollars per year to a satrap whose duties can as well be performed by a subaltern. PHONO.

FIERCE WINTER WINDS.

A Cyclone that Knocked Things in Chester.

CHESTER, Dec. 7.—The most terrific storm that has visited Chester for a long time swept over the city on Saturday evening. The wind blew a frightful gale and torrents of rain descended. The storm continued all the evening, but it was most severe about 9:30 o'clock when a cyclone of considerable magnitude swept over the lower part of the city and could be heard for two or three minutes. Its course was from southwest to northeast and destroyed considerable property.

From twenty to twenty-five houses in the South ward were unroofed and the walls of three of them were blown in. A man named Zimmer occupied one of them and he and his wife and baby were in bed. They were covered with bricks and mortar and their escape from serious injury is marvelous. Awning posts were twisted and broken like pipe stems, bay windows were blown out, shutters were wrenched from their hinges and carried long distances up the streets and the scene was a frightful one. Fortunately few people were upon the streets or the loss of life would have been considerable. There were torn from the ground sign boards and boxes and barrels were picked up and carried in the air.

The loss at this time cannot be estimated. At least one hundred and fifty buildings have either been wholly or partly unroofed or damaged in some way by the storm.

LONG ISLAND CITY, L. I., Dec. 7.—The storm which swept over Long Island last night was one of the fiercest ever known. Barns, fences, outhouses and large trees were blown down and many places were temporarily flooded by the rain. At Flushing a large new brick building nearly completed, intended for a steel rail factory, and owned by parties from New Jersey, was blown down, the damage being estimated at $10,000. The telegraphing has been interfered with all day, many wires being grounded and poles blown down. No reports have been received from the coast villages and it is not known whether or not any vessels have suffered.

Some Points for Gunners.

As the gunning season has arrived, a few words of advice to those contemplating engaging in that sport may not be amiss. In the first place, provide yourselves with a good double-barreled gun, or if possible, get a cast iron one. The latter is preferable, as they frequently shoot both ways, thus increasing the chance of killing something. Next get some dogs, the more the better. Any kind will do from a long-eared hound to a bobtailed terrier; you also want some powder, shot and soforth. Don't forget the soforth, as it will improve the eyesight, often causing you to see double game. Use paper wads, as you then will be more likely to set fire to somebody's woods. After having decided what direction to go, keep a sharp lookout for the familiar sign—"No Trespassing Allowed." That's the place to look for game, and that's why the notice is put up. Before going over the fence, pick out a spot where the top rail curves downward in the middle, and get over in that particular spot. The rail will probably break, but that don't make any difference, as there are plenty more growing in the woods. It will save the owner the trouble of letting down his fence to get his cows out. Always carry your gun cocked when getting over the fence. If you should happen on a trap belonging to some small boy, take out the rabbit and break the trap; the boy will like it. If your dogs should run a rabbit in a stone wall or wood pile, pull down the wall and scatter the wood: the owner won't care. If a farmer's little boy should shoot one of your rabbits, take it from him. Should the rabbit take refuge under a barn, tear off the lightning rod and punch him out.—*Ex.*

—SOME remarkable cures in this vicinity, of long continued and obstinate disease, are attributed to McDonald's Blood Purifier.

Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.

—IT IS in order now for every manufacturer to praise and extol the virtues of his cough medicine, and claim it ever so much better than any other. On square business principles the proprietor of Dr. Kessler's Celebrated Cough Medicine says if you are not satisfied with the relief and benefit obtained, if you do not consider it well worth the price paid for it then take the empty bottle to your dealer and get your money.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Phi'adelphia Agents.
Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for January is certainly the most beautiful number ever issued, even of that progressive lady's book. There are two steel-engravings, each a gem in its way: 'The Rag-Baby," after the celebrated German artist, Knaus; and "A Bud Among Blossoms," after the hardly less celebrated Carl Schon. Next, there is a colored pattern for a curtain-holder, etc., etc., a most exquisite and costly affair; at retail it would certainly cost fifty cents. The double-sized fashion-plate, printed from steel, and colored by hand, is also a miracle of beauty. As for the stories, etc., they are the best possible; all original, and all by American writers. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens begins a powerful novelet, "A Motherless Girl," which will bring tears to every eye. Mrs. John Sherwood, of New York, in 'The Lost Ariadne," carries the reader into the very heart of that exclusive Fifth-Avenue society of which she is so distinguished an ornament. Among the other noticeable contributors are Mrs. B. Harding Davis, Frank Lee Benedict, and the author of "Josiah Allen's Wife;" and the 'Buyin' a Feller," by the latter, is the funniest thing of the kind we ever read. For ladies or families of refinement, "Peterson" is *the* magazine; and its price is as low as its merits are high, for it is but TWO DOLLARS a year, with great deductions to clubs, and *costly premiums to persons getting up clubs.* Specimens are sent gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with. Address CHAS. J. PETERSON, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Superior Excellence.

The reasons for PERUNA'S superior excellence in all diseases, and its *modus operandi*, are fully explained in Dr. Hartman's lecture, reported in his book on the "Ills of Life and How to Cure Them," from page 1 to page 10 though the whole book should be read and studied to get the full value of this *par excellent* remedy. These books can be had at all the drug stores gratis.

W. D. Williams, U. S. Pension Agent and Notary Public, New Vienna, Clinton County, Ohio, writes: "I take great pleasure in testifying to your medicines. I have used about one bottle and a half, and can say I am almost a new man. Have had the catarrh about twenty years. Before I knew what it was, had settled on the lungs and breast, but can now say I am almost well. Was in the army, could get no medicine there that would relieve me."

Col. E. Finger, Ashland, Ohio, writes: "I am happy to say I have used several bottles of your medicine called PERUNA, and my health has been greatly improved by it. I cheerfully recommend PERUNA to all who suffer with heart trouble, as being an invaluable medicine."

Rev. J. M. Ingling, Altamont, Ill., writes: "My father-in-law, who resides with me has been using your PERUNA for kidney disease, which has afflicted him for forty years and could get no relief until he saw your medicine. I induced him to try a bottle, which he did, and the one bottle of PERUNA and one bottle of MANALIN has given him more relief than all the other medicines he ever used."

Mr. Robert Grimes, Rendville, Ohio, writes: "My wife has been an intense sufferer from chronic catarrh, and after every other remedy had failed she commenced to use your PERUNA and MANALIN. They have helped my dear wife more than anything she has ever used. She has now taken two bottles, and is so much better that she will never quit its use until she is entirely well. It has wonderfully improved her sight. We think PERUNA and MANALIN will cure any disease."

R. Palmer, Pastor of the A. M. E. Church, No. 192 Canal Street, Wilkesbarre Luzerne Co., Pa., writes: "Having used your PERUNA, and by experience became acquainted with its value, I write asking you to please send me five bottles of PERUNA and one of MANALIN by express and oblige, your humble servant."

Cook Bros., Prospect, Marion County, Ohio, writes: "We have a good trade on PERUNA, our customers speak well of it

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Miss Carlina Cobble, late of Millheim borough, deceased, having been granted to the subscribers, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly proven for settlement.

JACOB GOBBLE,
B. F. FRANKENBERGER,
46-3t Administrators.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Elizabeth Alexander, late of Millheim Borough, Centre Co., Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payments, and all having claims against the same to present them duly proven for settlement.

C. ALEXANDER, }
A. R. ALEXANDER, } Executors.
48-6t

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Isaac Brown, late of Haines Township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly proven for settlement.

HENRY BEHM,
49-6t JEREMIAH WINKELBLECH, Administrators.

DO YOU KNOW
THAT
Lorillard's Climax
PLUG TOBACCO
with Red Tin Tag; **Rose leaf** Fine Cut Chewing; **Navy Clippings**, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered.

500 GIVEN FOR A U. S. DOLLAR OF 1804.

STEIGERWALT'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF UNITED STATES AND COLONIAL COINS, 113 illustrations and price list of all the rare issues. A valuable work; may be worth hundreds of dollars to you. Post free for only 50 cents.
Address CHAS. STEIGERWALT, Lancaster, Pa.

COOK & SPERRING.
ROLLER RINK.
The proprietors respectfully inform the public that their
RINK
Corner of Penn and Mill Streets,
Millheim, Pa.
is open daily, afternoon and evening.
(Size of Rink 40 x 100.)
The building is commodious and finely arranged, has a splendid floor, and patrons will always find new and strong skates on hand.
General admission, - - - - - 10 cents.
Use of skates for 3 hours's ssion, 15 "
Season tickets can be procured on application.
J. H. Kurzenknabe & Sons'
MUSIC HOUSE,
1307 N. Third Street,
Harrisburg, Pa.
BAUS & CO'S
Square, Grand, Bou oir Gem, & Orchestral Upright Grand
PIANOS
The best now made and endorsed by all eminent artists.
-ORGANS-
The most beautiful and sweetest toned in the world.
Smaller Musical Instrumen s
Sheet Music (including the popular 5 and 10 cent music) Music Books, Strings &c.
HOLIDAY GOODS.
Musical Boxes, Musical Toys, Towers, Obelisks, Obsevatories, Ships, Fortresses, &c., &c.
All kinds of Card, Block and Ring Games. Fine Stationary and Fancy Goods Stereoscopes Views, Magic Lanterns, Statuary, &c.
CALL TO SEE US.
HARRY J. KURZENKNABE, Millheim Pa.
Agent for Centre and Union Counties

There is no excuse for suffering from
CONSTIPATION
and other diseases that follow a disordered state of the Stomach and Bowels, when the use of
DR. HENRY BAXTER'S
MANDRAKE BITTERS
Will give immediate relief.
After constipation follows
Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, etc., all of which these Bitters will speedily cure by removing the cause. Keep the Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order, and perfect health will be the result. Ladies and others subject to Sick Headache will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters being tonic and mildly purgative they
PURIFY THE BLOOD.
Price 25 cts. per bottle.
For sale by all dealers in medicine. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions.
HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.
For sale at SPIGELMYER'S, Millheim & Madisonburg, Pa

ARNICA & OIL LINIMENT
FOR MAN AND BEAST.
THE BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY
—FOR—
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, CRAMPS,
Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Sciatica, Backache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
It is a *safe, sure,* and *effectual* Remedy for Galls, Strains, Scratches, Sores, &c., on
HORSES.
One trial will prove its merits. Its effects are in most cases
INSTANTANEOUS.
Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions for the treatment of above diseases. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. per bottle. Sold everywhere.
Henry, Johnson & Lord, Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.
For Sale at SPIGELMYER'S. Millheim & Madisonburg, Pa.

$60. JONES 5-TON
Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass TARE BEAM. JONES, HE PAYS THE FREIGHT. Sold on trial. Warrants 5 years. All sizes as low. For free book, address
JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

THE BIGGEST & THE VERY
FINEST STOCK OF
NEW GOODS
EVER BROUGHT TO
LEWISBURG.
NOW ON EXHIBITION AND FOR SALE AT
B. HARRIS'S,
No. 224 Market St.,
CONSISTING OF
Fall and Winter Millinery of every description,
Ladies' and Children's Ready-made
COATS,
New Market and Russian Circulars
IN EVERY STYLE,
and for all Novelties for Ladies and Childrens' Wear patrons will find just what they want at
B. HARRIS'S,
AT ◦ BOTTOM ◦ PRICES.

ALL IS OVER!

The campaign and election with its excitement and worries is past and it is time for a needy public to think of a place where they can buy their supplies to the best advantage. Read the following and decide for yourself:

D. S. KAUFFMAN & CO., AT MILLHEIM
—SELL—
Fine Dress Cashmeres from 20 cts. to $1.00.
" Cassimeres " 15 cts. to $2.00
Muslin 4 to 10 cts. Prints at any price.
LADIES' CLOTH,
a complete assortment at very reasonable prices.
LADIES' DRESS SILKS A SPECIALTY.
Ladies' Skirts, a large variety, from 50 cents to $3.00.
Gray and White Blankets from $1.50 to $5.00.
LADIES' COATS, DOLMANS & WRAPS
OF ALL KINDS FROM $3.00 TO $20.00.
LADIES' HOODS from 25 cents to $2.00. GLOVES, all styles.
LADIES' BROCHEY SHAWLS of all kinds.
LADIES' CASHMERE SHAWLS of all descriptions, single and double.
Finest BUFFALO ROBES in market.
Full line of ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT ROBES.
All kinds of Yarns and Wool.
LIBRARY LAMPS & CHANDELIERS
—ALWAYS ON HAND.—
Best Stock of QUEENSWARE in the county.
BOOTS & SHOES, gum and leather, all prices.
—SPECIAL—ATTENTION—GIVEN—TO—
Gents' OVERCOATS and Ready-made CLOTHING
Hats and Caps.
This stock is entirely fresh and contains the latest styles.
New stock of Brussels, Rag and Stair Carpets,
We always carry a full line of
DRUGS.
Prescriptions filled by experienced Salesmen.
OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT
is chuck full and unparalelled for freshness and cheapness. Just received a lot of the
BEST N. O. BAKING MOLASSES.
There are hundreds of articles which space does not permit us to mention—but we guarantee
BARGAINS ON EVERYTHING.
Wedding Gifts and Holiday Goods
to suit all tastes and purses.
Now we extend a cordial invitation to all to come and derive the benefits of the bargains at our store on Main Street.
D. S. Kauffman & Co.

CHEAPEST AND BEST
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE
UNEQUALED PREMIUMS FOR 1885!
FULL-SIZE DRESS PATTERNS
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE is the *best and cheapest* of the lady's-books. It gives more for the money, and combines greater merits, than any other. Its enormous circulation and long-established reputation enable its proprietor to distance all competition. In short, it has the
BEST STEEL-ENGRAVINGS, BEST ORIGINAL STORIES,
BEST COLORED FASHIONS, BEST WORK-TABLE PATTERNS
BEST DRESS PATTERNS, BEST MUSIC, &c., &c.
The stories, novelets, etc., in "Peterson," are admitted to be the best published. *All the most popular female writers* contribute to it. Every month, a FULL-SIZE DRESS-PATTERN is given, which is alone worth the price of the number. Every month, also, there appears a
COLORED STEEL FASHION-PLATE!
engraved on steel, TWICE THE SIZE OF OTHERS, and superbly colored. Also, Household, Cookery, and other receipts; articles on Art Embroidery, Flower Culture, House Decoration—in short, everything interesting to ladies.
TERMS, ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. $2.00 A YEAR.
UNPARALLELED OFFERS TO CLUBS.
2 Copies for $3.50 } With the "Pearl of Price," a splendidly illustrated volume of poetry, or
3 " " 4.50 } large steel-engraving, "The Lion In Love," for getting up the Club.
4 Copies for $6.50 } With an extra copy of the Magazine for 1885, as a premium, to the per-
6 " " 9.00 } son getting up the Club.
5 Copies for $8.00 } With both an extra copy of the Magazine for 1885, and the large steel-en-
7 " " 10.50 } graving, or the "Pearl of Price," to the person getting up the Club
FOR LARGER CLUBS STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS!
Address, post-paid, CHARLES J. PETERSON,
306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Specimens sent gratis, if written for, to get up Clubs with.

ENTERPRISE MANUFACTURING CO.,
Third and Dauphin Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
READ THIS
BEST IN THE WORLD!
NEW MEAT-CHOPPER
GUARANTEED TO CHOP NOT GRIND THE MEAT.
CHOPS AS SHOWN.
RAPID
CLEAN
No. 10,
FAMILY SIZE.
Price, $3.00.
NO STRINGS OR SINEWS CAN PASS THROUGH UNCUT.
FOR CHOPPING
Sausage-Meat, Mince-Meat, Hash, Hamburg Steak, Suet, Scrapple, Tripe, Clams, Chicken-Salad, Croquettes, Codfish, Scrap-Meat for Poultry, Etc.
VALUABLE COOK-BOOK, FREE, WITH EVERY CHOPPER.
No. 10 CAPACITY. chops 1 lb. per minute, $3.00.
" 12 " " 1 lb. 2.50.
" 22 " " 2 lbs. 4.00.
" 32 " " 3 " 6.00.
Send for Catalogue. MENTION THIS PAPER.
Sold by all Hardware Dealers.
Tested and Endorsed by 100 Agricultural Journals.
Farm and Fireside says: "After testing, each editor immediately ordered an Enterprise Meat Chopper for his family use."
American Agriculturist says: "These Choppers excel anything of the kind made in either Hemisphere."
We prefer you buy from your Dealer. If he is out of them, send money to us. We will ship by next fast train.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11TH, 1884.

Published by R. A. BUMILLER.

LITTLE GIANT GANG

Lath & Picket Mill.

Bowlby & Co.,------Sunbury, Pa.,

—{ Manufacturers. }—

E. H. ZIMMERMAN,

Millheim, Pa.

—{ Sole Agent. }—

Persons wishing to procure one of these machines will please apply to

E. H. Zimmerman.

Notice that to make a proper selection of Holiday Gifts you must see for yourself and try to find the right place. We invite you to visit the

Journal Store

on Penn street during this holiday season where you will find a line of

Holiday Goods,

conspicious for beauty and variety The following are a few of the many articles suitable for presents and kept on hand at our place :

Latest styles of Ladies' Leather Satchels, Velvet Cabinet Frames, Autograph & Photograph Albums, Fancy Shell Boxes, Fine lot of Scrap Pictures, Holiday Cards, Toy Books, &c. &c.

LANCASTER ALAMANACS.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

SUBSCRIBE for the JOURNAL.

—A fox crossed the pike above town on Tuesday.

—Read the JOURNAL store advertisement in this issue.

—Gilt edged note paper just received at the JOURNAL STORE. Call on us.

—For the choicest selection of Scrap Pictures call at the JOURNAL STORE.

—We are crowded with advertisments and must ask a little indulgence from our readers.

—A number of our dilapidated sidewalks have been repaired by the High Constable last week.

—Prof. Johnson, known to many of our readers as "Blind Charley" now resides at Catawissa.

—Our stores are filling up with Holiday goods and the juvenile part of the population is becoming excited.

—We understand that there is to be some kind of a show in the town hall this evening by an Indian doctor.

—Last Sunday evening the protracted meeting of the Evangelical Association at this place commenced.

—Ed. Zimmerman has the sole agency for Bowlby & Co's. Gang Lath Mill. See advertisement at another place.

—Mr. C. K. Sober, the champion wing shot, while out hunting one day last week, brought down 25 pheasants.

—Just received a new stock of Holiday Goods at the JOURNAL store. Our patrons are requested to come and see.

—We noticed brother Tom Harter of the Middleburg *Post* and Mr. Aaron Harter, of Hartleton in town on Sunday.

—Headquarters for school books, Slates, Slate and Lead Pencils, Paper and Envelopes, etc. at the JOURNAL STORE.

—Mr. D. W. Duncan, of Spring Mills, goes to Sunbury, as assistant ticket and freight clerk at the station of that place.

—What everybody says must be true and that is that D. S. Kauffman & Co's at Millheim, is headquarters for general merchandise.

—Game seems to be plentier in this immediate neighborhood, than it has been for several years and our hunters are in a good humor about it.

—The communication by "Observer" in this week's JOURNAL is brimful of news and does credit to the writer. Hope we may hear from him often.

—E. E. Knarr is local agent for Jamison, Fausset and Brown's great Bible commentary, of which we gave a detailed description in our last issue.

—The sparrows have moved to their winterqnarters and are on the lookout for stray breadcrumbs which the housewife may shake from the table cloth.

—Notwithstanding the rain, the sale of the personal property of Miss Carolina Gobble. dec'd. was well attended and many articles sold at high prices.

—FOR SALE.—Seven grey-hound pups for sale at reasonable prices. Apply to J. W. MUSSER.
tf Woodward, Pa.

WANTED.—A lot of Walnut, Ash and Poplar Lumber at J. E. Fetterolf's Furniture Shops, Main street, Millheim [formerly S. K. Sankey's cultivator works.] 3t

—Frank Collier got his Christmas present a little ahead of time but he willingly accepted it nevertheless. It is a fair girl baby and *Frank* feels like setting 'em up.

—Henry Behm and Jeremiah Winkelblech are the administrators of the estate of Isaac Behm, late of Haines township, deceased. See notice among legal advertisements.

—Never mind the weather, but bear in mind that at D. S. Kauffman & Co's bargain store, Millheim, you can buy more goods for less money than anywherelse in this section.

—Rev. J. A. Koser, of Boalsburg, this county, has accepted a call from the Lutheran congregation at Northumberland, where he will enter upon his duties as pastor on Jan. 1st 1885.

—Read the advertisement of Cook & Sperring's Skating rink in another column. These gentlemen conduct their establishment in a very creditable manner and invite everybody to give them a call.

—D. A. Musser and F. P. Musser, accompanied by Mr. Frank Kauffman, were out on a few day's hunting expedition last week and returned with one deer. They started on anothert rip last Monday morning.

—Mr. John Moore, editor of the Harrisburg *Sunday Teleyram* has been sentenced to pay a fine of $800, all the costs of suit and sixty days of imprisonment in the county prison, for libelling J. X. Giering.

—In a letter from H. H. Tomlinson, Ellsworth, Kansas, we see that he and his family are well and getting along finely. They seem to like the country, but miss the Pennsylvania mountains and hills.

—The Lutheran Sunday school of this place is making preparations for holding a Holiday entertainment on New Year's evening. From present indications the exercises promise to be of more than ordinary interest.

—We had quite a variety of weather since our last issue. On Friday it was as warm and sunny as in May. Saturday gloomy and rainy, Sunday and Monday stormy and cold, and Tuesday brought several snow squalls.

—Our neighbor, W. N. Auman, was made the happy father of a bouncing boy on Tuesday of last week, and on Wednesday he slaughtered a big porker, no doubt to show the young stranger that he shall be amply provided for.

—By all accounts all the Sunday schools in town are making arrangements for a proper celebration of the joyous holiday season. We will announce the different festivities when the programmes have taken a more definite shape.

—A dreadful disease, commonly called flux, and similar to cholera, prevails in parts of Virginia and Kentucky. Its cause is ascribed to bad water and over a thousand people have already died. In some localities coffins cannot be furnished fast enough.

—Rev. B. Hengst's youngest son, Mr. Lewis A. Hengst, of Baltimore, was here on a short visit to his parents on Monday. He left for his field of labor on Tuesday noon, being an official on the Northern Central railroad, a position very confining.

—The storm on Saturday night and Sunday played havoc with the tarpaper on the roof of the Evangelical church. It was torn into shreds and scattered to the four winds. We understand that the church roof is to be slated without the packing.

—Our townsman, G. W. Stover, Jr. has been appointed constable, in place of Rev. Shanon, who removed from town some time ago. *Wash* is the right fellow for the office, as he was there before and consequently is experienced in the business.

—Some of the smaller scholars of the Lutheran Sunday school at this place are engaged in soliciting contributions for the re-building of the burnt church edifice (Lutheran) at Centre Hall. We hope our Lutheran friends will give them a warm reception.

—YOUR tooth is too sound to be extracted, yet you cannot endure the agony it is inflicting. Your only recourse is a bottle of Zingari Toothache Drops. Relief certain, and only costs 15 cents. *JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.*, Philadelphia Agents. Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.

—LOOK, LOOK, LOOK at the bargains! D. S. Kauffman & Co., Millheim, Pa., have on hand a very fine line of Ladies' Coats, Dolmans and all kinds of Wraps, which they wish to dispose of before Jan. 1st, 1885. To accomplish this they have marked them down to almost cost and will give purchasers unparalelled bargains.

—On Wednesday of last week, Mr. Michael Ulrich, an old and respected citizen of Potter township, departed this life at his residence near Tusseyville, having attained the age of 81 years. Deceased was born near the Old Foat, and has been a resident of said township all his life. He was a consistent member of the Lutheran church for many years and died a christian's death. His funeral took place last Satruday forenoon, Rev. Fisher, of Centre Hall, officiating.

—A number of ladies have been visiting the rink during the past week to practice roller skating. Before long Millheim can boast of some graceful lady skaters.

—Rev. C. W. Raver, of Liverpool, Pa., the new preacher of the U. B. church at this place called on us the other day. He expects to move next week into the house at present occupied by Harvey Confer, on Penn Street. He is a right pleasant gentleman and will no doubt make a good shepherd for that congregation.

—Mr. John Liggett, of Beech Creek, whose visit to Sheriff Musser, of this place, last summmer, we recorded in the JOURNAL, accidentally shot himself, while out hunting on Monday, Dec. 1st. The ball entered under the arm, passing through one lung and out back of the shoulder. His wound is believed to be dangerous.

—Ye musicians read J. H. Kurzenknabe & Son's advertisement in another column. If in need of anything in their line, it will pay you to give them your patronage. They conduct the most complete establishment in Harrisburg and their Music House is daily growing in popularity. Apply to their agent, H. J. Kurzenknabe, Millheim Pa.

—SOMETHING more or less than five thousand different liver pills are on the market. Some good, some indifferent, many bad and worthless. Life is too short to try them all, so if you want to be absolutely sure you are right get McDonald's Improved Liver Pills, and if you are not satisfied with the amount of benefit received you get your money back. *JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.*, Philadelphia Agents. Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.

A MATTER WORTHY OF ATTENTION.—Do not cause the printer to spend a poor Christmas on account of your negligence to pay the bills you owe him. We have very many persons on our books who owe us considerably on subscription, advertising and campaign work, and we must insist on a settlement of these debts. It is impossible to carry on business without means and as long as money due us is in the pockets of our debtors, it can do us no good whatever. Please give this matter your attention and those whom it may concern are requested to respond without much delay.

NOTICE.—The ladies of the Aaronsburg Reformed Mite Society will hold a musical convention in their church at Aaronsburg, commencing on Tuesday, Jan. 5th, 1885 and ending with two concerts on Friday and Saturday evenings following. The proceeds thereof are to be applied to the furnishing of the new Reformed church of Aaronsburg.

The convention will be conducted by Prof. J. A. Weaver, of Pine Grove Mills, Pa., and other musicians of celebrity are expected. Terms of admission are as follows: Season tickets, 50 cents; family season tickets, $1.00; Concert tickets, 25 cents and single session tickets, 10 cents.

The public are most cordialy invited to aid the worthy cause by their presence and influence.

—DO NOT crucify the children by compelling them to take the horrible, nauseous compounds usually sold as worm medicines many of them as worth less as they are obnoxious, but get a box of McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders. Purely vegetable. So easy and pleasant to take that the children will never know a medicine is being administered. You will in addition secure the very best vermifuge possible to produce. So sure are we of this that in all cases of failure to cause expulsion where worms exist we cheerfully agree to refund the purchase price. One Box of McDonald's Worm Powders guaranteed equal to four bottles of any worm syrup. *JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.*, Philadelphia Agents. Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.

Madisonburg News.

The plasterers are done at the Lutheran church. The carpenters are still slowly at work.

Edie Shafer came home the other day to go to school. He had been clerking in a store in Lock Haven.

Mr. Daniel Roush killed a wild turkey last Friday. If any one should doubt this statement, let him call at his place and be convinced.

The property and town lots of Michael Bierly, dec'd, were disposed of at public sale on Saturday. The old homestead and the two lots adjoining were sold to George Shafer for the small sum of $450. Two of the lots adjoining Mrs. Reber were sold to Jacob Keen, another to J. H. Limbert, and three to A. Ocker. Jacob Nestleroad bought the balance of the lots. They varied in prices from $61 to $87.

Mr. John Hazel, of Altoona, paid his sick father a visit on last Thursday.

Our schools are in a prosperous condition under the management of Geo Limbert and Mr. Bierly.

F. F. Mayer and wife are visiting friends down the country. In their absence Mr. I. E. Shafer and Miss *Mazie* Reber carry on the hotel business.

A stray duck came to Joseph Beirly's last Saturday. The owner can regain his property by calling on him.

Grant Shafer returned from the West last week.

A young bear has been seen about R. Grimm's premises quite frequently of late.

Miss Ida Ocker is home from Lock Haven on a visit to parents and friends.

The superintendent of the Lutheran Sunday School is endeavoring to get up an entertainment for Christmas evening. STILL.

Sayings of an Observer.

AT COBURN.

The train is seldom on time of late.

Wm. Kreamer has two helpmates and still it keeps them busy to wait on Geo. W.

Sam. Ulrich wears a Cleveland hat.

Daddy Stonebraker does not want to hear much of politics since the election.

Wheat only seventy-five cents per bushel.

AT AARONSBURG.

T. Yearick and wife returned from Philadelphia.

Charles Stover is in the oyster business.

Ed. Mingle gracefully bears the honors of a father.

D. H. Rote, Esq, has moved into his new office and is ready to deal out justice.

C. W. Burd still trades in old sewing machines.

Dr. Musser has a new hand at the bellows in place of Sa-Sa-Sam.

Adrew Immel is tired of the hotel business.

Mrs. Kurtz, from Milton, is visiting at Em'l Ettinger's.

F. J. Weaver killed a beef which dressed almost nine hundred pounds.

AT WOODWARD.

For salt river passes call on *Van*.

Michael Hess killed the largest porker in this neighborhood.

Dock and Jimmy have lots of business.

Allie Kreamer has accepted a position in C. W. Hosterman's store, as counter hopper.

C. W. Hosterman is building an addition to the St. Elmo.

Prof. Rishel has turned out to be a local preacher.

Harry thinks we ought to have a rink at Woodward.

Dan, the miller, is feeling very happy—it is a young Cleveland.

Andy Gregg attended Court last week.

Our singing class meets every Sunday afternoon in the Eastern precinct.

Franz Geiger, our skillful tailor, says business is booming. He is full of orders for wedding suits.

Joe Nights is about to be wedded.

Mesh Williams has finished his job and J. C. Motz's saw mill is in running order, and works like a charm.

Sullivan showed some of his dexterity some time ago in laying up one of our citizens for about two weeks. Bad business, Rufus.

Some of our Nimrods captured two fine deer last Friday. Josh Roush, Jr. shot the largest The rest of the party claim it was a blind one. How is it, Josh ?

I am sorry to say that the protracted meeting at this place was a failure as far as conversions were concerned. It seemed as if the members made no organized efforts. I would urge the Revs. to follow the old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

By all appearances the next thing to happen here will be the dissolution of our Sunday school. We are sorry to see it thus. Would advise you to get Rev. B. Hengst to straighten out matters so that the school will move on smoothly.

The wedding of Wm. Hinkson and Sarah Hosterman, spoken of some time ago, seems to have been preconcerted for quite a number of years. William went to see Sarah for twenty-three years, and it issaid that he from the beginning agreed to marry her as soon as a Democratic president would be elected. It was a long wait since 1861, but it has come at last. OBSERVER.

This space reserved
for
D. S. KAUFFMAN & CO.
Holiday Goods!

DIED.

On the 3d inst., near Tusseyville, Centre Co., Pa., Mr. Michael Ulrich, aged 81 years.

On the 5th inst., near the Ev. Emanuel's church, Mountains, of dropsy, Mrs. Lydia Ripka, wife of Charles Ripka, aged 53 years, 11 months and 22 days.

Millheim Market

Corrected every Wednesday

Wheat, old,	90
Corn	20
Rye	65
Oats White	40
Buckwheat	
Flour	4.00
Salt, per Brl	1.50
Plaster, ground	
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	60
Tymothyseed	
Flaxseed	1.00
Cloverseed	650
Butter	22
Hams	20
Sides	12
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	22
Potatoes	30
Lard	10

! ABSOLUTELY !

THE BEST STORE

G. A. HARTER'S

GROCERY

Main St., opposite Bank, Millheim, Pa.

Finest Groceries in the market.
Choice Confectioneries !
FRESH OYSTERS !
Best Tobacco and Cigars !
COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN AT THE HIGHEST HOME MARKET PRICES!
Call and get Low Prices!
TERMS CASH !

THE BEST PICTURES!

AT

BUCK BROS'

ART GALLERY!

FAMILY GROUPES AND CHILDREN

—TAKEN BY THE—

INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS !

Satisfactory Work Done by

RAIN OR SHINE!

We furnish everything in our line, from a Miniature Card to a Cabinet Picture.

Pictures copied and enlarged in the best style.

FRAMES

can be procured at our place on short notice.

Remember—our prices are down so as to suit every purse.

Gallery on North St., Millheim, Pa.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

Many persons in Pittston are using Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh with most satisfactory results. A lady is recovering the senses of smell which she had not enjoyed for fifteen years. Mr. Barber has used it in his family and commend it very highly. A Tunkhannock lawyer testifies that he was cured of a partial deafness.—*Pittston, Pa., Gazette.*

Ely's Cream Balm cured me of catarrh —restored my sense of smell. For cold in head it works like magic. —E. H. Sherwood, Banker, Elizabeth, N. J.

Give it a trial.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CAUSES NO PAIN. GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE. A THOROUGH TREATMENT WILL CURE. NOT A LIQUID. NOT A SNUFF. APPLY INTO NOSTRILS.

Price 50 cents at druggists; 60 cts. by mail registered. Sample bottle by mail 10 cents.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

AGENTS for Lucrative, Healthy, Honorable & Permanent business apply to Wilmot Castle & Co., Rochester, N. Y. 49-4t

To Make Life Brighter.

The dyspeptic's lot is not a happy one. Benson's Capcine Plasters are the remedy. Price 25 cents. 49-4t

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. addr ss.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York. 49-4t

VIRGINIA FARMS

OF EVERY SIZE, PRICE and Description FOR SALE! GAINS always on hand. 350 ACRE RIVER FARM, good brick house, near city, $3,500. 200 ACRE FARM, with buildings, near railroad and river, $1,200. Other bargains at higher and lower prices. Catalogue free. New map of Va. 16c. Stamps taken. H. L. STAPLES, Richmond, Va. 49-4t

A MAGNIFICENT HOLIDAY BOOK

For the season of 1884-5.

LADY AGENTS WANTED

to sell the most attractive and popular book for the **Home** and **Fireside** to be issued during the holiday season of 1884-5. This will be a splendid opportunity during the next two month to make money by ladies desiring pleasant and profitable employment. Address for full descriptive circulars,
BRYAN, TAYLOR & CO., 825 Broadway N. Y. City. 43-1t

STAFFORD'S EXTRA BLACKING

Gives a MORE BRILLIANT SHINE THAN ANY OTHER.

IN BOXES WHICH PREVENT SOILING THE HANDS.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

S. S. STAFFORD,
New York.

OUR NEW GOODS!

A larger, better and more complete line never was on exhibition in these valleys!

COME and SEE! -- -- COME and SEE!

Nice Line of DRESS GOODS, all shades, 6 1-2 cts. per yard, worth 10 cts.

Augusta 4-4 Brown Muslin, 6 cts.

Canton Flannel unbleached, 6 cts.

White Sugar, 7 and 7 1-2 cts. White Honey Drip Syrup, 45 cts. per gal.

DINGES, TRUMPFHELLER & CO., COBURN, PA.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE

TRY TO THINK

where they can purchase the

BEST AND MOST GOODS

For The Least Cash!

I answer this problem in the following prices:

4-4 Augusta Muslin, 5 3-4 cts.
Appleton Muslin, 6 3-4 cts.
Lancaster Gingham, 8 cts.
Good Prints at 4 and 5 cents.
Better and Best Prints at 5 and 6 cents.
Ladies' Rubbers at 35 and 40 cts.
Gents' Overshoe, 60 cts.
MATCHES, 200 IN A BOX, 2 CENTS PER BOX.
Best Ohio Stone Ware, ALL SIZES, 9 cts. pr. gal.
Large line of DRESS GOODS, 5 c. per yd.
lately sold at double that price.

—AN EXCEEDINGLY LARGE STOCK OF—

CLOTHING, Boots & Shoes,

—AT EQUALLY LOW PRICES.—

To be convinced, call and ask prices. Thanking you for past favors, I will try to suit you still better in the future.
Respectfully,

J. W. SNOOK,

MILLHEIM, PA.

CORNER OF MAIN AND NORTH STREETS.

WOLF HUNTING.

Chasing Wolves With Horses and Hounds in the Northwest.

A letter in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, dated, "On the Snake River," Idaho, says:

In a fair stand-up fight the average white, gray or black wolf of these Western prairies can down the best dog that ever drew breath. He knows his own powers, and will rarely run from a single dog. But the true prairie wolf, or coyote, is too cowardly to ever engage in a face-to-face fight with a mongrel cur even, and will often whip his tail between his legs and run yelping from a month-old puppy. The dogs in camp know these characteristics of the different species as well as the hunters, and in consequence will dash out alone after a coyote, but unless urged on will never single molest a gray wolf. When the dogs are in packs of three or more, however, all this is changed, and the wolf declines an interview.

With seven hounds and four hunters we left camp yesterday morning at dawn for a day's run after wolves. They are more numerous in this region just now than any other species of game; and although hunting them is not generally included in a list of Western sports, it is a highly exciting adjunct to the pursuit of buffalo, deer and bears.

Our route led to the rocky rises at the base of the Salmon mountains, between the headwaters of the Malada and McArthur rivers, which is a famous lurking place for wolves, as the rocks and undergrowth give them ample shelter, and the proximity to water assures them of game when it comes to the stream to drink.

We were armed with breech-loaders charged with buck-shot, and were all well mounted—I am on my buffalo runner purchased in Boise City some time ago. When an hour out of camp the baying of the hounds in a coppice to the right of us told that something was started, and the next minute a lank gray wolf, with six cubs streaming after her, dashed out into the open ground and ran past us so close that we might have killed her with a revolver; but something like pity stayed every man's hand, and we let her go by us without a shot. The cubs were evidently four or five months old, and kept well up with the mother, who moved over the prairie like a gray streak. When the dogs finally broke cover she had disappeared around the face of a hillock, to the top of which we spurred our horses in order to see the remainder of the chase. In the course of a few minutes it was plain to see the cubs were losing their wind; one of them falling behind so rapidly that he was almost in the jaws of the foremost hound, and the others, while keeping ahead, giving every evidence of distress. The mother wolf was not moving at her best by any means, and if she would abandon her cubs to the dogs might easily escape; but instead of doing that she suddenly wheeled around, while the cubs kept on forward, and doubling square on her tracks closed with the hound who was in the lead and not more than ten paces from the exhausted young one. Before the dog could recover from his surprise she had him by the throat, her long, white teeth cutting through skin and muscles. Then closing and tearing out the wind-pipe, jugular vein and gullet. It was only a single bite; but the spread and strength of her jaws, as well as the sharpness of her teeth, made it fatal. Then she humped up her back, and in ten bounds had regained the lost ground, and was again in full retreat in the centre of her family. In the nature of things, however, the cubs could not stand the killing pace; they fell behind in ones and twos, and result was a foregone conclusion—at least it was so until the mother adopted a new set of tactics. She started off at right angle with the line pursued by the cubs, swerving in her course so as to bring herself very near to the hounds apparently with the purpose of attracting the chase to herself. Three of the dogs accepted the invitation, and presently were out of sight in the rough country to which she led them, while the remaining two busied themselves with the cubs now left to their own devices.

At a rattling pace we set off across the country in the direction taken by the old wolf, and presently from an elevation discovered the chase not far ahead. The dogs were rapidly gaining on their prey, and we spurred on in order to be in at the death. Our sport was not marred by any sentimental pity for the victim, as the killing of wolves is a utilitarian service, appreciated as well by hunters as ranchmen. They not only kill and maim enormous quantities of wild game, but do not scruple at entering ranchero's barnyard and carrying away young hogs sheep, and even young calves. The Eastern method of getting rid of troublesome domestic animals is in vogue here against wild beasts to a great extent, and thousands of wolves are killed through poisoned meat prepared for them by the farmers.

The run was but a short one, and before one drew near enough for the effective use of our shotguns the dogs had dragged the tired animal to the ground and were tearing at her throat.

Wolf skins in the frontier market bring from $1.50 to $3 each, and as every pelt we captured during the hunt was to fall to the share of Jim, our cook, he was probably the most eager member of the chase. He rode into the thick of the fight, and kicking the dogs to right and left had the skin strapped from the animal before the blood had done flowing from its throat. Wolf skins are the main dependency of many of the poorer ranchmen during the winter months, some of them collecting as many as five hundred pelts from the beginning of November to the close of February. Their favorite weapon is strychnine, which often kills for one man more wolves in a single night than a party of hunters could run down and shoot in a week. When the poisoned meat is placed near a pond or stream of water the carcasses of wolves will always be found near the water's edge, as the poison breeds an intolerable thirst and the water hastens dissolution.

In the course of the morning we ran down three other gray wolves, and succeeded in shooting a coyote, as well as a cantelope for dinner. While stretched on the grass smoking our pipes after dinner was over, a black wolf sulked into the very borders of the camp, and made a leap at one of the reeking skins which Jim had hung over the lower limb of a scrub oak. He failed to get it; but instead he got the hounds on his trail, with us after them as soon as we could gather our arms and mount. For the first few miles the run was over a smooth country; but the noon rest seemed to have stiffened the dogs' joints and slowly but surely the wolf was slipping away from them. His instinct headed him towards a piece of land broken by rivulets and coppices, where he could easily elude the hounds' sight and make his escape almost certain. The doctor's dog—Cruso—who, since the death of the leader in the morning, was the fleetest in the pack, blocked this little game, however, by putting on a magnificent spurt and presently bringing the wolf to bay until the others came up. Then ensued a knock-down and drag-out fight between the single wolf and five dogs, which lasted for twenty minutes. Of course our shotguns might have put an immediate end to the scrimmage, but in spite of Jim's earnest entreaties, who feared for the fate of his valuable pelt, we let the fight go on, satisfied that any five hounds who could not kill an American wolf were unfit to be the companions of sportsmen.

At the beginning of the fight the dogs mainly contented themselves with circling about the beast and taking a nip out of his flanks whenever a chance presented; but as the fight continued and they got an occasional taste of blood, they began to close in and to make passes at the wolf's throat. He kept his eyes peeled, however, wheeling about like a tee-to-tum in his efforts at protecting flank and van, and held his own fairly well against the five assailants until Cruso managed to get a full grip on one of his hind legs, when he opened his guard in front and three of the hounds took him simultaneously in the throat and fore legs.

Bleeding from the throat wound, and with two broken limbs, he weakened rapidly, finally going down after one of the hardest struggles that I have ever seen made by a wild animal. This was the largest wolf that we have killed, or in fact seen, during our sojourn, his weight being probably above, rather than under 150 pounds, and as his color is black, instead of the usual lupine gray, his skin, when cured, will not make a bad robe.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Whitmer & Lincoln,

COBURN, PA.

Having leased the GRAIN HOUSE of Smith & Co., at Coburn, Pa., for a number of years, we are prepared to pay cash

FOR

Wheat, Rye, Barley, corn, &c.

Coal, Salt & Fertilizers For Sale.

WHITMER & LINCOLN.

Coburn, Pa., Aug. 1, 1884.

Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad Time Table.

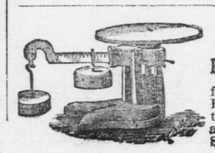
LEAVE WESTWARD.

	1	3	5	7	9
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Montandon	5 50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg ar	6.00	9 35	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv	7 25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.35	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar		40	2.50	
Mifflinburg le	8.00			1e3.00	
Millmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Rising Spring	10.15			5.30	
Old Fort	10.27				
Centre Hall	10.39				
Linden Hall ar	10.10				

LEAVE EASTWARD.

	2	4	6	8	
		A.M.			P. M.
Oak Hall					1.00
Liden Hall					1.08
Centre Hall					1.39
Old Fort					2.75
Rising Spring		5.50			1.50
Coburn		6.18			2.29
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Millmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar		8.00	P. M.		4.13
Mifflinburg, ly		8.06	12.10		4.15
			A. M.		
Vicksburg		8.15	12.25	4.28	
Biehl		8 20	12.34	4.34	
Fair Ground	A. M.	8.30	12.45	4.45	
Lewisburg ar		8.35	12.50	4.50	
Lewisburg, lv		5.25	8.35	10.15	5.25
Montandon ar.	5.40 ar.	9.10 ar	10.30 ar.	1.20 ar	5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.



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GOOD PRESSES

and a large assortment of

DISPLAY TYPE.

LETTER HEADS,

NOTE HEADS,

BILL HEADS,

STATEMENTS,

ENVELOPES,

CIRCULARS,

POSTERS,

and, in short, neat and tasty

Job Printing of all kinds

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

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—DEALER IN—

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HEATERS,

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TINWARE &c.,

Practical worker in Tin, Sheet Iron, Copper, &c.

☞Repairing done at short notice by practical workmen.

Spouting a Specialty

Shop on Main St., opposite Kauffman

MILLHEIM, PA.

A. SIMON & SONS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERS

keep the largest stock in the county

143 MAIN STREET,

LOCK HAVEN.

GO TO

SIMON BROTHERS,

THE BOSS CLOTHIERS

for your Clothing.

45 MAIN STREET,

LOCK HAVEN.

Vick's Floral Guide.

For 1884 is an Elegant Book of 150 Pages 3 Colored Plates of Flowers and Vegetables, and more than 1000 Illustrations of the choicest Flowers, Plants and Vegetables and Directions for growing. It is handsome enough for the Center Table as a Holiday Present. Send on your name and Post Office address, with 10 cents, and I will send you a copy postage paid. This is not a quarter of its cost. It is printed in both English and German. If you afterwards order seeds deduct the 10 cts

Vick's Seed are the Best in the World!

The FLORAL GUIDE will tell how to get and grow them.

Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 175 Pages, 6 Colored Plates, 500 Engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; $1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazines—32 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine engravings. Price $1.25 a year; Five Copies for $5.00. Specimen Numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents.

JAMES VICK,

ROCHESTER N. Y.

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MILLHEIM

MARBLE WORKS

The Oldest,

The Largest,

The Cheapest,

Most Reliable

Establishment.

In this part of Pennsylvania.

Monuments,

Tablets

and

Headstones,

manufactured in the most artistic style and of the best material.

All work warranted and put up in the most substantial manner.

☞*Our prices are so low that it will pay persons in need of marble work to give us a call.*

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Shops east of Bridge, Main St.,

Millheim, Pa.

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Not wanting a Dog, send for a

CAT

logue of Newspapers and Magazines that club with the FAMILY STOP THIEF Scale—capacity, 1 oz. to 10 lbs. Price, $1.50—whereby you get a Newspaper

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Address, **JONES OF BINGHAMTON,** BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

HEALTH IS WEALTH!

WE GUARANTEE CURE

EISNER & MENDELSON,

339 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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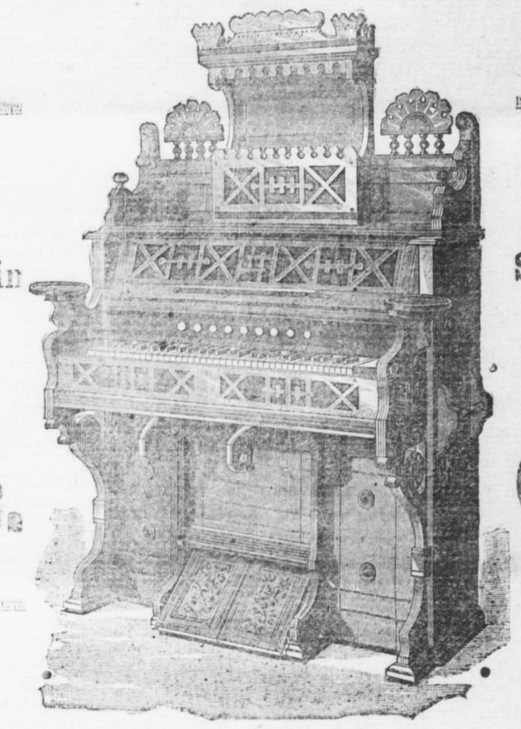

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